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# BEAT THE DEVIL.

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When will this madness cease? Now I hear that Kennett Love is suing Jonathan Kwitny for libel and trying to extract untold millions from him and his publisher, Congdon & Weed. Readers may recall that I piped up in favor of Love last summer after Kwitny had accused him of working for the C.I.A. at the time of Mohammed Mossadegh's overthrow, in 1953, when Love was *The New York Times's* correspondent in Teheran. Kwitny's chapter on U.S. complicity in this overthrow in his excellent book *Endless Enemies* dealt harshly with Love. I wrote that the facts seemed to show that young Love was naïve to the point of imbecility but that so far as I could tell, the accusation that he was working for Allen Dulles was a bum rap.

Now it seems Love has been gnashing his teeth for months and feels that every time he steps on the beach at Sagaponack, people whisper, "Make way for Kennett the spook" and draw their skirts aside. So he's rushed to law.

Kennett, I urge you to abandon this path of folly. It's not as though you could hope to get any cash out of it, since neither Kwitny nor Congdon & Weed is rolling in the stuff. I suppose you seek "vindication," but is it vindication to shower lawyers with money from now until the end of the century? Is it vindication to embark on the weary road of deposition and counterdeposition, to become a burden to your loved ones as you blather on, day after day, meal after meal, about "the case"?

Kennett, I beg you, be a man and drop the suit. Do you wish to be spoken of in the same breath as William Westmoreland and Ariel Sharon? Get on with your memoir, in which you can give your side of the story and piss on Kwitny to your heart's content.